

Shaker Manifesto.

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No. X.

37.8 [WHI TEN FOR THE ALPHA.]

LONGEVITY OF VIRGIN CELIBATES.

EDITOR OF THE ALPHA:—It is with very great pleasure and respect we witness the good work you and co-workers are doing to reform society relative to its social and moral status.

The human family, including all nations, races and tribes, are, and for untold ages have been, in very abnormal conditions relative to the sexual relations of society, as affecting the physical, mental and spiritual conditions of the race; and through the abnormal development of the passionnal nature, life is not only vastly shortened, but its few fleeting years are loaded with pains, sorrows, and blighted loves, with physical and mental debility and spiritual blindness, in consequence of the enormous expenditure and waste of vital force that makes miserable and wretched the so-called living, and prematurely loads the grave with millions born and unborn.

The abnormal passion-fires are trans-

mitted from parents to children, and untold numbers of physically deformed organizations and monstrosities, and idiotic mentalities are foisted upon society, the fruitage of unbridled lust. It is a solemn truth, taught man by the universal laws of nature, manifest in the positive and negative forces of creation, operating in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms combined, that the use, and the only God-ordained use, of these forces, manifest as sex, is reproduction; and every sexual desire without the pale of this domain, in its normal sphere, confined to the bounds of generative use, is a sore, an ugly ulcer, on creation's organism.

Man, as the crowning link in God's creative chain, was not equipped with animal emotion and sexual passion to enable him to degenerate his race, and cast its lot below the four-legged brute creation. These conditions of the race are terrible, but abnormal facts—monstrous blotches on creation's face!

And mankind always strictly lived in

harmony with nature's laws as God instituted them, generation had been as innocent and shameless a work as eating or drinking, and when the physical bearing powers of the mammal sex were exhausted of reproductive vitality sexual commerce would necessarily end. Then, were man only an animal, his heaven would have been perfected. But the human race is possessed of soul-spirit, a spiritual body and its vital force, as well as a physical frame and its vitality. The full development and perfection of man on the physical plane could not fill the demands of his angel nature, hence, had he been true to nature's laws in generation, the period of life in time from the cessation of generation to the death of the physical body would be normally spent in sexual seclusion and purity, while the twain developed the angel life and lived in Edenic innocence, and thus living, would have taken the Kingdom of Heaven by normal climbing of the ladder of progressive evolution.

The only just foundation for the plan of taking the Kingdom of Heaven "by violence and force," as inaugurated by Jesus Christ, has its claims based on the fact of man's degraded and abnormal generative life and corrupt sexual relation—drunk with abnormal desires. The violence and force of teetotalism from the indulgence of scortatory sexual desire, abnormal animalism appears to be the only alternative left to man to harvest him into the Kingdom of Heaven state, a condition above the worldly, earthly order—man's culminative normal home!

We observe that some of your antipodes in argument relative to the effects of strict virgin celibacy on the health of

physical manhood, have asserted that strict virgin celibacy contributes to atrophy of the muscular system, shortens life, and induces mental imbecility, and refer to the Shakers as exhibitions of the fact. The positive opposite of these assertions being the fact, as demonstrated by the experience of the Shaker Order for a period of over one hundred years, we doubt not you are so interested in the cause of truth, as we are, that you will take pleasure in giving to the public the facts we herewith present you, as follows:

On witnessing the discussion between yourself and Dr. Foote, we sent a circular to each one of our seventeen Shaker societies, soliciting a statement from their records of the average age at demise of both sexes, and each sex separately, of all who have deceased in each society since the date of its inauguration. The following is a condensed statement of their report:

In five of the Shaker families in New Lebanon, Columbia county, N. Y., the number of deaths from 1848 to 1850 was 29 persons, and their average age was 70½ years—this included both sexes.

In a list of deaths of 200 persons in the Shaker society of Alfred, York county, Me., 100 of them were over 70 years of age; 37 were from 80 to 90 years; 13 from 90 to 97 years; the average of the 200 is 62 years, 9 months, 6 days, 2 hours. These, had been in the society nearly all of their days. They lived as do all true Shakers, a virgin celibate life.

In Watervliet society, N. Y., the number of deaths from 1870 to 1880 was 39; the average age was 73 years. This included both sexes, and those who had been society members most of their lives.

Between 50 and 60 years ago the Shakers abandoned the use of all distilled liquors except a mere trifle in medicines. About 40 years ago they abandoned all fermented liquors except a trifle in medicine, also the general use of tobacco in every form, except to kill sheep ticks. About the same time they abandoned all use of pork, and the consequence of these reforms is, there has been only a very few cases of fevers or cancers during the past 40 years—not a tenth part that there was formerly; in some societies not a case of cancer during the last 40 years.

There are at the present time 14 persons in the New Gloucester, Me., Shaker family who are over 70 years of age, and 7 of these are from 79 to 89 years of age; all have good use of their limbs, able to go out of doors, and most of them do yet a good day's work of choice.

A similar record could be made in several other societies. At Watervliet society, N. Y., there were only 3 deaths during 2 years, in a family numbering from 100 to 120 persons.

PETER AYERS.

BY HENRY C. BLINN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.)

Peter Ayers lived with his father about eight years after he embraced the faith as preached by Ann Lee and her followers. He then entered the Society at New Lebanon, where he lived four years. On a recent visit to Mt. Lebanon N. Y., I very fortunately found the original bill of goods that he dedicated to the Society at that place on the 10th of May, 1787 and signed by his own hand. Like most of the early set-

tlers in this country, he "earned his bread by the sweat of the brow" and was not overburdened with worldly goods. The list is as follows;—

One horse,
One wagon,
One lot of tackling,
Two cows,
One, two year old heifer,
27 sheep,
25 pounds of wool,
One chaise,
60 lbs. of flax,
130 lbs. of tobacco,
One axe,
One saddle,
One sleigh,
One pad-lock,
One pound worth of pork,
14 bushels of potatoes,
One bed and bedding,
65 bushels of wheat,
16 bushels of rye,
4 bushels of corn,
Two sickles,
4 turkeys,
11 hens,
One pair of plow irons,
2 chains,
Four dollars worth of fur,
And 16 dollars in money.

Peter says, "the above mentioned account is what I brought with me when I came to the Church."

When Father Job Bishop was commissioned to organize the Society at Canterbury in 1792, Peter accompanied him, and on the 15th of Feb. of that year, became a member of the Society, where he resided till the time of his death.

He was a diligent reader of the Bible and of Believers' publications. He was never at a loss for an appropriate

quotation. "After I laid aside my carnal weapons," said he, "I put on the whole armor of Christ, and commenced a warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil." He had served an apprenticeship at the hatter's trade, and for many years he was a manufacturer of fur and wool hats for the society.

For several years he took, a deep interest in an orchard of 1000 trees, and with one yoke of oxen enclosed the piece with a heavy stone wall, besides raising several vast monumental piles as he cleared the orchard of stone. He was one of the most able men in the work of the hay field, and mowed his last swarth the season he was ninety years of age.

By many he will be better remembered as the "old hunter." With his two hounds and his trusty, old flint gun, he would follow the trail of the foxes and raccoons from morning till night, through the deep snow, without either food or rest. His outfit, however, was never wholly complete unless he was equipped with a pair of ponderous snow shoes. Should fortune so favor as to award either a fox or a raccoon, he would feel compensated for all the hardship of the day.

One year, Peter had a record of 23 foxes 12 raccoons and more than a score of crows. For every fox and crow that he killed, he obtained a bounty from the selectmen of the town, by the presentation of the right ear of the one and the head of the other.

The universal habit of dram drinking "for the stomach's sake" and the smoking and chewing of tobacco "for aching heads" became a thorn that sadly afflicted the Community, but when it was proposed to abandon the use of alcohol in 1828, Peter although now sixty eight

years of age, not only abstained from the drinking of drams, but with a corresponding zeal, cast his pipe and tobacco box into the fire, and from that day was a free man.

In appearance he was quite short, thick set, having a large head, dark eyes, fair complexion, and straight hair.

He visited New Lebanon, in company with a brother and several sisters, in 1808, and in 1812 he made a second journey to the same place. On this last trip he obtained a set of carding machines, which were manufactured at New Lebanon. They were placed in one of the mills at Canterbury and were used for some forty years.

Never having been afflicted with sickness, till a short time before his decease, our good brother quietly and peacefully breathed his last on the 14th of Sep. 1857 having reached the advanced age of 97 years and 2 days.

Canterbury, N. H.

[REPRINTED BY REQUEST.]

BAPTISM OF CONSECRATION.

OLIVER C. HAMPTON.

Sweet inspiration's gilded wings
Are hovering near the earth,
And in her tuneful voice there rings
The song of a new birth—
A birth to higher, holier life,
The burden of her song;
A birth from rudimental strife,
And every groveling wrong.

My spirit feels her quickening power
In every quivering nerve,
Forever, from this burning hour,
'Humanity to serve;
To move in *God's* eternal peace,
In *ministries of love;*
To cause the *tears of grief* to cease
Below me, and above;

To make the bow of hope serene;
 To span the mourner's sky;
 To rid earth of the monster sin,
 And every tear to dry.
 My inner temple first to cleanse,
 And live a sinless life,
 Forgiving foes as well as friends,
 With patience ever rife.

Thus peals sweet inspiration's hymn
 Across the slumbering years,
 As on our planet's glittering rim,
 Her angel form appears.
 She calls to you, she calls to me,
 To let our light so shine,
 That men shall be compelled to see,
 And own a power divine.

The records of the fading years
 May leave no history bright,
 Of all our labors, pains and tears,
 Or arduous upward flight.
 What matter, so we work in love,
 The work God gives us all,
 We walk serenely, far above
 Fame's best or basest call.

What though our pilgrimage be lone,
 And little rest we find,
 Still they are angels of the throne,
 Who love and bless mankind.
 A preacher of reform I'll be,
 And practice what I preach,
 And purpose of my destiny
 Sin shall not overreach.

So shall I walk heaven's heights sublime
 And bless my fellow man,
 While I remain in rolling time,
 And in my weakness, can.
 To leave for aye the fogs of sense,
 The rudimental plane,
 And take my final journey hence,
 Far holier heights to gain.
 Need we in starry realms to peer,
 To find heaven's blest abode?
 We walk the heights of heaven here,
 If loving, pure, and good.

Ye saints above, ye saints below,
 Help me my vows to keep.
 Henceforward in this path to go,
 Rich gems for heaven to reap—
 Rich harvests of the souls of men,
 Ripe for the realms above;
 Rich spoils to take from earth's domain,
 By works of peace and love.
Union Village, Ohio.

FORGIVENESS.

E. A. KIDD.

Many have taken up this subject and expiated on its beauties more freely and far better than I can, and yet I have resolved to add a little more to this beautiful character. A forgiving spirit is an emblem of christianity, a gem that is worth our earnest endeavor to possess. It is essential that all true christians should possess this spirit, for it manifests the sublime character of our Savior,—Showing forth the deep love and charity which he felt for all mankind. As a christian's duty lies in Christ's footsteps, so must all christians become likewise forgiving and charitable even as he was. He taught us to pray, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," which reminds me of an item of my own experience, in early youth. I was taught the Lord's prayer and strictly enjoined to repeat it every night before retiring; and although young I was really afraid to say, as *we* forgive our debtors—without first reflecting whether I had forgiven my companions for any little offence through the day.

It is perfectly reasonable and consistent that we should forgive each other, for we are all liable to err, and all want forgiveness, but if we forgive not, how can we expect to be forgiven? How beautiful was the forgiving spirit of our Savior, so clearly illustrated in his answer to Peter's question. "How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith, I say not unto thee until seven times; but until seventy times seven." Matt. xviii. 21, 22. How sweet to the transgressor's ear must sound the words,—

I forgive you. They are as incense from the altar of grace; like the breath of angels.

There are many instances in which revengeful hearts have refused to give utterance to the mild, sweet words of forgiveness, till it was too late; and afterwards regretted it to the day of their death. Such cases are very sad, but I hope in this enlightened age they are growing less every day; for as the world becomes christianized mankind will grow gradually better and better, till the spirit of wrong shall be abolished, and all will see as did Jesus of Nazareth,—the beauty of living like angels.

The necessity of preparing in this life for the world to come, by gaining a complete victory over a carnal nature, and by living a life of angelic purity, enables us to gain the salvation of our souls. I believe that all who are made acquainted with the sufferings of our Savior and our Mother, will bless their memory. Even on the cross Jesus prayed, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," and O the numberless sufferings Mother Ann endured, both in England and America, but she freely forgave all her persecutors.

Such is this most excellent character, which beautifies and elevates the soul to a standard of purity and loveliness, and sheds light and peace where-ever it abides. It fills the rocky caverns of earth with sunshine, and beams radiantly on the ocean billows, and O may this treasure be found every-where.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

It is but one step from companionship to slavery, when one associates with vice.

SELF CONQUEST.

Of heroes and heroism we hear much; but there is a spiritual heroism little known; that of man who resolves to conquer himself hardest of all conquests.

Impatience, envy, rage, selfishness, eager for success or sullen at defeat, passions of the flesh and passions of the spirit these are his enemies.

In the silent depths of the heart he sturdily fights his battle. What he does and what he suffers no man knoweth: God only knows. Not one bloody day does he fight, at Waterloo or Yorktown and win fame forever; but all through his life does he wage the war and win no fame.

Not to lift himself to honor, but to forget himself, to still the throbs of self-conscious disquiet and all selfish passions this is his endeavor. In the midnight and in the morning, in the throng and in the silent hour, ever is fit his holy care and prayer to keep all right within him. To keep all just and true, to keep all pure. Loneliness and neglect and sorrow may be upon his path, even as they were upon the path of Christ.

THE STORY OF GIDEON, *As found in Judges, VI.*

MARY ELLEN ELKINS.

[Written for, and read before the Bible class.]

It would seem that the children of Israel did not always learn obedience, even, from what they suffered, for many times before and after this fearful experience, they were sold into the hands of their enemies for the same transgressions.

The Lord had been angry with them, on several occasions, if we accept the Biblical language, and led them into captivity; but had as many times been merciful and provided for their deliverance, which was, no doubt, as great as their punishment was severe.

Having brought the children of Israel out from the land of the Egyptians, and delivered them from all their oppressors, the Lord gave them this command; "I am the Lord your God; fear not the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell."

Living among an idolatrous people and strongly influenced by their customs and

practices, it may have been almost beyond human strength to have resisted the temptation to idolatry. Still we believe in the wisdom and kindness of the Father to that extent that we think He would not have commanded where they were not able to obey.

They continued, however, in the worship of Baal, and to this sin added the manufacturing of idols or strange gods, although they had suffered so long for this same transgression. The mere act of disobedience, though in itself a sin, would seem far less did it not remind us of the awful ingratitude which must have possessed their hearts, that they could have forsaken and forgotten Him who had been their Powerful Deliverer.

Having been blest and assisted in times of great need, by friends in this life, should we not feel a grateful obligation? What lesson then, may we learn from the suffering experience of the children of Israel? who like us were only children of this world.

Let us not forget the Lord our God, as a daily Teacher, or as a superior Intelligence, or even as a friend, servicable to us through the kindness of those who would lead us toward all that is worthy and to which we should attain in this life, as really and as wonderfully as God led the Israelites to the promised land of Canaan.

On account of the numbers and the warlike character of the Amorites and Midianites, through whose country the Israelites were obliged to pass, these children of Israel were for a time, obliged to hide themselves in the dens and caves of the mountains for safety. Here they cried unto the Lord in their affliction, and again He appears for their salvation!

He now sends a prophet to show them, reprovingly, the error of their ways; then, as his agent He calls Gideon from the humble employment of threshing wheat to save them, a nation of twelve thousand individuals, from the oppression of the Midian host.

The angel said unto Gideon; "The Lord is with thee." The young warrior, however, was not ready to accept this assertion in full, but proposed a little investigation. O Lord! said he, if this be so why is all this befallen us, and what about the miracles of which our fathers told us, of the Lord bringing us up

from the land of Egypt. "Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel, have not I sent thee?" Here the warrior is again found wanting in faith, and says—"O my Lord, if now I have found grace in thy sight, show me a sign that thou talkest with me."

How strange, that after nearly nineteen centuries of Christian teaching, which the world has had, it has grown so little in faith, that to-day we ask for signs and tests, even more than did the warrior of old.

Gideon said to the Lord, "Depart not hence I pray thee, until I return and bring a present to set before thee."

Had the Lord merely tarried for him without farther manifesting His presence, would it have afforded sufficient proof to give him hope for his mission? How wisely the Lord dealt with his unbelief by proving abundantly his ability to direct him. Gideon had seen an angel of the Lord, face to face. His reverence and worshipful nature soon found expression in the raising of an altar to the Lord. Are we not in some respects like Gideon? Having received implicit faith and trust in a mediator, either human or divine, and when our gospel parents who stand in the same relation to us, in this life, do we not manifest as affectionate children the devotional feelings of the heart?

From this lesson may we learn to discriminate between the true and the false and pay homage alone to that which is virtuous. This we may do in our own peaceful home, where we find those to whom it is a pleasure to offer the richest treasures of our lives, those who share our reverence and highest esteem. Let us gather instruction from the biblical lessons of the past.

Enfield, N. H.

A THOUGHT.

If not for thee, my Father,
My work is truly wrought,
My courage oft would fail me
In bearing as I ought.
When no requite appeareth,
And Thou thy face hath hid,
I trust the hand that dealeth,
And work as conscience bid.—*M. W*

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

Very few minds are capable of fully appreciating the many blessings with which we are surrounded. We dwell in the midst of peace and plenty, while we hear of wars, floods, earthquakes, pestilence and famine in distant lands; but under the American flag, which waves in the breezes from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, and claims to protect all who take shelter under its folds, in their civil and religious rights, we at the present time are comparatively free; for which we have cause of rejoicing; and those especially who are not bound by traditional and churchal creeds, and are so far made free by obedience to truth, that they can worship God according to their conscience, and highest ideal of what is most acceptable, have reason to give thanks.

We find in our Zion home, where we are not deluged in party strife and political contests, the boon of sweet peace; and in our soul communings heart responds to heart, and we can strengthen the fraternal bonds of a brother and sisterhood in our home of peace, founded upon the broad basis of Universal Love, love to God and to all human souls!

This condition of things is brought about without the use of carnal weapons but not without deep and earnest soul struggles, which require the whole armor of christian faith and fortitude, the same in kind that Jesus and his apostles put on and wore while contending against the power of anti-christ within their own hearts, and the apollyon hosts in human form, or those dark spiritual forces which come up from obscure regions, where those spirits dwell who hate

the light—because of evil deeds—and are ever ready to darken wise counsel, and destroy every new born child that is sent on errands of mercy as messengers of Truth to the race of men, dwelling on the earth plane.

All who are thus equipped, wearing the heavenly shield, are able, and do commune with loving angels from spheres of light, who gather around, both when they wake and when they sleep, and whisper in their ears, "All is well!" Beautiful upon the mountains of justice and holiness are those bright spirits who come with noiseless tread, laden with rich gifts of priceless worth from the infinite Father and Mother, ready and willing to bestow freely, upon those who are prepared to receive fruits of the land which lies beyond the scope of the mental vision and is only spiritually discerned!

Such ministrations throw light upon the centuries that are past, and help to solve many mysteries which have hung over the historic pages of ancient date, both sacred and profane, and to give to each in a large measure, their proper place and design; and help to disabuse the mind, and free it from many absurdities that have hitherto beclouded the understanding, and seemed paradoxical.

They also impart vitality, strength and courage to perform the duties of the present, and fill the heart with holy aspirations regarding the future, and inspire with divine and hopeful energy to pursue the journey of life, through the mist, the sunshine and the storm, through all its changing seasons even to the end.

The human mind is so constituted that it seldom remains at one point long at a time, but is looking forward, reaching out towards the future. The journey of

life is analogous to the seasons of the year. Each season has its appropriate work, and its uses; and it is highly necessary that the functions of each should be performed in proper time, prelusive to that which is to follow. Life, has its stern duties and realities which require energy and will force to perform. When we speak of them in epic language they seem less austere. The poetical vesture with which we clothe them, seems to throw a mellow light over them and helps us to see the bright and beautiful side. Add to the melody of rhythm, musical harmony, and the deep fountains of soul life are stirred, and gush forth in inspired song, and the inner spiritual sight is opened, and we catch glimpses, "through the pearly gates that stand ajar"—a view of our home to be, in the great beyond!

As the seasons of the year roll by, one by one, without jarring commotion as they pass, so is it with the different stages of human existence. Childhood is the springtime of life. There is a joyous expectant feeling, that we all share more or less, in the Spring season, that perhaps we do not so fully realize at any other time. Then, every thing is clothed in youthful beauty! Sober winter throws off its snowy mantle, ice-bound streams, pierced by rays of the warm sun and genial atmosphere, and gentle zephyrs that blow from the hill-tops, tell us that it is seed-time; and the new incoming season brings with it joy and gladness. We trace the foot-prints of the gentle nymph clothing the meadow with living green, and strewing beautiful flowers in our pathway. But, would the same season fill our minds with as much joy, were it not for the indwelling hope, that after seed time, and of tilling

the soil, a harvest of fruits from the vintage, and heavily laden sheaves would be gathered to supply our needs? We would measurably enjoy the music of birds and inhale the sweet aroma of flowers, and look with pleasure upon Nature's realm filled with youthful beauty; but, knowing they would soon pass without bringing a return of something more substantial would create a feeling of sadness.

Such is life's journey. We pass through its varying seasons, fulfilling its duties, as best we may, till we come to the evening of the day, and look upon our last setting sun; then we lie down upon our couch, close our eyes upon earthly scenes and go in search of our fathers and mothers who have passed on before, leaving the fields of labor to incoming generations.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Give him a lift! Kneel not in prayer
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help, not prayer and creed.
'Tis time when the wounds are washed
and healed
That the inward motive be revealed;
But now, whate'er the spirit be,
Mere words are but a mockery.
One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tomes of saintly lore:
If you must pray, pray in your heart,
But give him a lift! pray give him a start.
The world is full of good advice—
Of prayers, of praise, and preaching nice
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold, and hard to find.
Give like a Christian—speak in deeds;
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a noble crown
Who gives men a lift when they are down.

—*Cornwall Reflector.*

LABOR.

ANN E. CHARLES.

To be happy we must grow an interest in some manual occupation, and in this way have a real love for labor. One of the old philosophers remarked, "If you do not want it for food, you may for physic." Action keeps both soul and body in health, while idleness tempts one to stray from the path of duty, where they are liable to fall a prey to the evil one.

It would be far better to well improve our time, by doing all the good we can, remembering at the same time the admonition of our founders, "Hands at work and heart to God." In this we are able to with-stand temptation, and live honestly and honorably before all mankind. It has been our privilege and pleasure to accept with confidence the instruction of those who have walked the "new and living way" before us, and it has been to the soul a right and noble way, and a beautiful work of progression.

We have, by no means, been idle spectators, but have observed the marked difference that existed between those who were active and interested in the temporal duties of the Community, and those who were indifferent and negligent. It may not be out of place to make mention of a visionary dream as related by one of the sisters. In this a reference was made to the reward of industry, and a marked demonstration of thankfulness was expressed by the sister who had passed from earth, for all of the interest and care she had manifested in her manual employment.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

TIRE D OF LIFE.

LILLIE E. BARK.

It is the idle tire of life:

The idle hearts, that duties shirk;
The idle brains, that have no thought;
The idle hands that have no work.
The good man knows that life is good,
And strives to make his own complete;
The thoughtful know that it is great;
The loving know that it is sweet.

Yea, even when life halts with pain,
Or falls with anguish by the way,
Great souls it patiently detain,
And hope, and bear, and humbly pray,
Because life is so grand a thing;
Because beyond its pain and strife
They see a fair eternity
That must be bought by noble life.
Then, thou who are so "tired of life,"
Go work, go love, go try to think,
Go find some duty, howe'er small,
'And then beside it do not shrink.
Go take thy place; it may be low,
And in the rear of mortal strife,
But fill it well, and then I know
Thou wilt not say, "I'm tired of life."

THE TWO FIRES.

In the moral and religious acceptation of the term, there are two kinds of fire. The first is the fire that swept through the first Two in the Garden and lost them Paradise, described by the immortal Milton thus—"With lust they burn."

What a pity! Are they alone in such burning? That is the fire of Hell—A hell within, of the deepest dip, is its inevitable concomitant. It is the first fire frail mortals feel.

"Albeit, that which is first is not Spiritual, but natural, and afterward that which is Spiritual."

When, by the Divine Afflatus, the germ of Divinity, in us, is roused to action, we feel another fire, for "Our God is a consuming fire." This is the Heaven Fire. We feel it in the marrow of our bones. We are in the Resurrection now. It must burn in us till the other fire, with all its combustibles, is consumed. It must burn till there is nothing left to hurt or destroy in all our Holy Mountain. Then will the morning stars sing together and the Daughters and Sons of God have a good time generally. Amen.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

A kindness felt
Doth love enfold;
A kindness dealt
Is love twice told.—N. W.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

ELVAN F. COLLINS.

"Lo! there are signs in the heavens, which, all who run may read," say the prophets of the present day, and which are ominous of near changes. What are these signs? Let us pause and observe. The life example and teachings of Jesus, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, cast as a lump of leaven among a small portion of humanity has so continued to operate that the fermenting process, previous to the spoiling of the mass is thoroughly in action, and means must soon be taken for the saving of the whole.

What better illustration could be given of the rolling, surging tide of human beings, that fill this busy world of ours, whose very lives, ambitions, and destinies, seem honey-combed, through the destructive effects and dissatisfaction of mind and soul, created by its inroads upon society? From the active, thinking mind, of which there are increasingly many, outgrowing the swaddling clothes of churchology, come murmurings of unrest; longings for something more practical, and reliable, than can be found in nominal religion, which has become too fashionable and world-loving, to contain the new wine in its old bottles, and the true substance of spiritual bread in its eucharist.

It is true, that temples dedicated to the Lord's worship, have become so elaborate in structure, so embellished with the hard earned pence of the suffering poor, that the coals of sacred fire kindled on the simple altars of the days of early christianity, after smouldering among the ashes of man made creeds, are about extinct, the breath of inspira-

tion and free thought has been shut out from these walls of elegance, which to the enlightened, appear as skeletons and from which life has long since departed. How many do we meet who will tell us, that the written sermon, read and re-read by the hired ministers, has failed even to give interest? That the non-intelligible language of popular choirs, touches not the heart, nor even awakens our aspiration toward the heavenly, and divine? Are not these signs of Church infidelity, predictive of the first steps toward advance in a new creation?

Look again, and we see strong agitation of mind upon dietetic reforms. The ripening harvests of dyspeptics, and invalids, grown from the soil of adulterous mixtures as used on the tables, to supply the demands of the appetite, rather than the sustenance of life; and the multiplicity of poisonous ingredients, coloring materials, compounded, advertised, and sold by those who love money better than principle, to add to a fine appearance, and perverted taste. This subject is awakening many to a sense of serious results. Some are extreme in their enthusiasm for a reform and hold forth a system of living, as far from good judgment, as is the inordinate, or fastidious epicure's, habit of eating; but, as the pendulum set in violent motion, finally finds its equal poise, or balance, so the outcome of both extremes will be the establishment of a system of cooking and eating, which the rational mind can accept as both comfortable, and healthful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Every one's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

GRANVILLE T. SPROAT.

[Being a narrative of events that occurred during a sojourn of twelve years among the Indians of the North-West.]

It was during the summer of 1836, that I started on my journey to visit the Indians of the far North West. I had long been acquainted with the Indians of the border Territories, and, for several years, had taught a school among them, and had long had a desire to visit them in their native forest homes, where they lived uncontaminated by the vices of the white-men. This wish was, at last, gratified. In 1836, they sold the lands which now include the states of Minnesota and Wisconsin, to our Government; and one of the stipulations of the treaty was, that agents should be sent among all those who desired it, to vaccinate them, to prevent the spread of that terrible scourge—the small pox, which had already devastated, and nearly exterminated the once powerful Mandan tribe. I offered my services, and started on my journey, accompanied by an old Indian, for a guide, named, Ma-gwah-gah-bo, (Bear Killer.)

My beginning of adventures was with the Ojibway tribe, in the country lying south and west from Lake Superior. With Ma-gwah-gah-bo for a guide, I roamed many a day over those vast plains, and through the wilderness of the North West, traveling by canoes during the summer season, and, in the winter, with our team of six dogs dressed in fantastic little harnesses of red and purple cloth and leather, hung with little bells, for whose music the animals seemed to have a peculiar liking; and drawing a train, or Indian sledge, which is composed of a board of bass wood, lying flat on the snow, with its front end upturned, like the toe of a skate—it being about two feet wide, and twelve feet long. On this we pack ourselves and baggage, and are drawn swiftly over the ice, at the rate of thirty or forty miles a day.

We commenced our tour during the summer, in our canoe, and attempted to cross a small bay running up into the south-westerly shores of Lake Superior: It was a beautiful day when we started, and, as we had but

about thirty miles to travel to reach the opposite shore, we apprehended no difficulty; but ere we had got half way across, dark clouds began to gather in the west, and a sudden tempest came on, such as one seldom meets with excepting on the waters of that lake. In a few moments the seas were running mountain high, and our little canoe of about twelve feet in length, was in danger of being swallowed up by the waves. In the midst of all this turmoil, Ma-gwah-gah-bo sat calm and composed, steering the canoe with his little paddle, and chanting to the spirits of the Wind; (*Keche No-din*) at the same time making them an offering, to appease their wrath, scattering tobacco, cut fine and mixed with willow bark, for smoking called *nich-neck*, upon the waters. His chant ran something like this; "*Ke-che No-din! Ke-che No-din! pe-zan, non-gum, neen no-go-min.*" (Spirits of the strong wind, cease your howling! sleep in quiet!) But the spirits did not cease their howling. They seemed to howl worse then ever,—nearly upsetting our canoe, as I lay prostrate on the bottom, sometimes standing on my feet, and sometimes on my head, and sometimes nearly thrown out of it. At length, the violence of the storm abated, and we reached the shore in safety; but drenched, and dripping, as though we had, ourselves, been the Water Spirits to whom Ma-gwah-gah-bo had sung his ditty. "The spirits heard my song, and accepted the offering," said he, "but they were very angry. I threw away all my tobacco." "Your spirits must deal very extensively in tobacco," I was about to say; but I checked myself, knowing that nothing so offends a red man as to speak disrespectfully, or with levity, of his belief in the existence of spirits.

The Indians believe in a numerous class of spirits, who rule the wind and water, enter into a man, and produce disease—evil spirits whose wrath they, by offerings, attempt to appease. Death is a spirit that comes and steals away the breath. His name is *Pagook*. There is a spirit for Consumption, a spirit for Fever. Hence they deal in necromancy, and charms, to dispel the evil spirits, and invoke the good ones.

They also believe in, and often speak of the return of the spirits of the dead. They

say that they often see them, and talk with them. One night, Ke-che Be-zhe-ka (Big Buffalo,) chief of the Ojibways, came into my wigwam. He had been with me the evening before and had left late at night, after spending the evening very pleasantly in friendly conversation.

The ensuing evening he came in, seated himself, and bowed his head in deep silence, as if wrapped in solemn thought. "*Gush-ken-dum! nah?*" was my first question, (Are you sad?) "*Ka-ge?*" (Yes,) replied the old man. "I am sad. Listen!—After leaving your wigwam, last night, as I was going home, I thought I heard footsteps close beside me. I looked. There was my wife." Now, the old man's wife had been dead about a dozen years. "Well, I did not wish to speak with her last night, as I often do. So I drew my blanket far over my face, and walked directly on. Presently I heard footsteps the other side of me. I looked, and there was my daughter." The old man's daughter had been dead twenty years. "I drew my blanket still farther over my face, and went to my wigwam."

"Now what does this mean? what do you, Pale Faces, say that it means, when the spirits return again from the Land of Souls?" I replied, "Some of the Pale Faces, but not all of them, do not believe that the spirits return from the Land of Souls." He said, "You Pale Faces are not wise. You understand but little, I will tell you what it means. Two of our number will soon go on their journey across the river. One of them, old; the other in the summer of life. And these spirits come, last night, to give me a warning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHAKER'S PICNIC.

On Wednesday the 16th inst., the Harvard and Shirley Shakers joined in picnic, or social out-door gathering, on the banks of the Nashua and on the grounds of Adolph Holden in Ayer. It is a beautiful spot and is well shaded with towering elms, hickory and willows. Seats had been previously provided, swings put up, and boats in river. Here

sixty Shakers, including children, met to spend the day and the little ones showed gladness and delight all over their faces. A meeting was called at eleven o'clock for the purpose of hearing what any one had to say. There was singing, declamations, speaking, and dialogues. The exercises were very pleasing and highly interesting. An abrupt adjournment was made to prepare for dinner, which was served in good taste. The viands were excellent and bountiful, and appetites remarkable. Soon after dinner a shower came up and caused a little commotion and hinderance, but was soon over and the bright warm sun dried away the wet, and the pastime was resumed. Another meeting in the afternoon was held and some new pieces of music were finely rendered. Dialogues and some excellent selections of reading followed, which were very interesting. Thus the day was spent and good feeling prevailed throughout, and the occasion was not only very enjoyable, but it is thought profitable and useful in many ways, productive of increased strength and united feeling to struggle on and up life's rugged steep. Near the close an appalling scene occurred, another shower came up suddenly accompanied with thunder and lightning, and a terrific gale. Trees were blown down in all directions and in a small grove where about a dozen horses were tied six trees lay prostrate right among the horses, and strange to say they did not appear at all frightened, and they all came out without a scratch. One or two of the party narrowly escaped a fallen tree. After the gale had subsided the picnic party started for their homes in good spirits all thankful for the remarkable preservation and for the rain which was very much needed. In closing this sketch it is resolved that friend Holden, the owner of the premises, has the sincere and heartfelt thanks of the whole party for neighborly attention and kindness shown.

W. W.—*Turner's Public Spirit.*

Pentecost.—When the Spirit of God was poured out on the day of Pentecost, it equalized earthly riches. Water never runs up stream unless forced. It always seeks its level. So does the "River of the water of life."

should devolve upon us. In our abundance of the good gifts that serve to make our earthly homes those of care and comfort, and our anticipated hope of a heavenly fruition all that one could desire, we may possibly forget to a certain extent that where much is given, much also will be required.

Our fathers and mothers were imbued in a remarkable degree with this divine gift. To it they gave all that they possessed, believing that as God, in his mercy, had called them from the sins of the world, they as faithful servants should call others to the same work.

First, however, in this beautiful mission to be an interest for the protection and advancement in and around our own homes. The external appearance makes its impression upon the mind, the dwellings, the farm, the garden, the walls and fences are often more potent in their influence upon visitors or enquirers than either the preaching or the praying.

To neglect any of these obligations for that which is more foreign, would, indeed be liable to many objections. Home influences and home interests should be thoroughly studied and a home mission established which should include every member. None are ever so far advanced in life as to be beyond the power of doing good, and none are too young to present an offering that may add to the blessing of our community.

CANAAN, N. Y.

Report of School in District No. 1. The boys' department of this school is conducted by Granville T. Sproat, for thirty years a teacher in several different states of the Union; and for twelve years, among the Indians of the North-West. Object teaching receives a large

share of his attention. He teaches ideas instead of words; and text books have largely given place to oral instruction. In physiology, and natural history, some of his more advanced scholars have made much progress; and one of them, a youth of fifteen, wrote a natural history of bees, their manner of building their cells, and managing the affairs of their community, the history of the queen bee, &c. which he read, and was heard with much interest, on the closing day of the winter term of school.

The County Commissioner spoke highly of this school, the progress of the scholars, and the pleasant school-room, its kindergarten appearance, it being fragrant with evergreens in the middle of winter.

Length of term, 14 weeks. Average attendance, 11 scholars.

Summer Term.—Emily Offord is the teacher of the girls' department of this school. Her school comprises many little ones, several of them under 10 years of age. It is conducted chiefly on the plan of Pestalozzi. She teaches the alphabet, and combination of letters into words, by means of small cubic blocks, with letters inscribed upon them, thus furnishing amusement as well as instruction. The recent introduction of sectional maps, in the hands of the pupils, gives them a good idea of physical geography. The art of singing is cultivated among her youthful charge, thus giving cheeriness to her labors. On pleasant days in the summer, she often takes her pupils into a neighboring grove, and gives them lessons of instruction among the beautiful scenes of nature.

Both school rooms are pleasantly situated, overlooking the well known Shak-

er Valley, among the beautiful Berkshire hills. Length of term, 14 weeks. Average attendance 9.

GROVELAND, N. Y.

The Society at Groveland maintain a select school, and receive no benefit of public money. Number of pupils usually from five to ten. Recitations good, attendance regular, tardiness rare.

Length of term from sixteen to eighteen weeks. School taught by Ella E. Winship.

UNION VILLAGE, OHIO.

A letter from Elder Oliver Hampton informs us that they have a Board of Examiners and a Board of Education. Neither of these have visited their school for several years. Elder Oliver is a member of the Board of Education.

We also received the following.—The past school year at Union Village opened Sep. 27, 1881 and closed Apr. 21, 1882. It consisted of two terms of thirteen weeks each. There were forty-four pupils enrolled, with an average daily attendance of thirty two and eight tenths. Pamela Davis, teacher.

White Water and Watervliet have no District schools, having fallen below the legal number of pupils to entitle them to a share in the money appropriated for such schools.

The children are now instructed at the expense of the family where they reside.

Juvenile.

TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, the other had none.
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain:
"Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.

Down fell the snow from the pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school room were placed,
One always perfect the other disgraced.
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said;
"I will climb by and by from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling, their locks have turned gray;

One as a governor is sitting to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I long to impart to your thought;
Answer me this, and my story is done,
Which of the two would you be, little one?

Domestic Journal.

Try again.—Everybody makes mistakes. Things will not always come out just as we try to make them, because some little wrong thing is done, or something that needs to be done is overlooked.

Well, what then? Shall we get discouraged and let things go as they will? Some people do, but such people have a hard life of it; they think themselves very unlucky, and complain of their hard fate.

The little fellow who is at work on his example in multiplication finds he has made a mistake; what does he do? Drop his slate and go off fretting and wishing there were no such things as old bothersome figures? No; he is puzzled, but he knows there is a mistake somewhere, and he means to find out.

"Try again" is his motto. He will begin again and go slowly and carefully through all the work. If he does not find the mistake then he will do the same again, running through all the lines of the multiplication table in his mind, or making them by additions

on his slate. He will hit on the wrong and get the right, you may be sure.

Teacher—Suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?

Three, sir.

Teacher—No; two would be left, you dull boy.

No; there wouldn't. The three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away.

Teacher—Take your seat.

LETTER BOX.

Enfield, N. H.

Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the letters in the "Letter Box" and have wished there might be more written by the numerous children of our household.

I am going to school now. Our school-house is surrounded by beautiful maple trees. Our term includes sixteen weeks. My studies are Reading, Spelling, Grammar, Geography, Anatomy and Arithmetic. I like geography and anatomy better than all the others.

My home is in a beautiful green valley, partly surrounded by high mountains. At the foot of the valley is the lovely lake Mascoma; it is five miles long and one mile wide.

I love my pure religious home where so many kind friends love and teach me how to be good. I hope to become a true woman like the kind Sisters who take care of me.

Isabelle.

Shaker Village, N. H.

Dear Sister M:—As the girls are invited to write a letter to each of the sisters, I selected your name.

Now dear M. to tell you that I love you, would be nothing new. I was reading the other day that "Love was born in Heaven. It claims its direct genealogy from the great Creator of the Universe." Thus Heaven was first and will be at last its home.

It is an amaranthine flower sent to beautify the garden of earth. I will cultivate it, it is so choice a plant.

I have ever been a favored child, drinking

from the cup which is overflowing with true benevolence; and how can I, after having been thus favored, ever seek or wish any enjoyment, save that which emanates from the portals of Paradise, the inspiration of truth and purity. O, Nay! I think the ministering angels whose tender guardianship I have shared, would weep, should ingratitude or any evil temptation mar my spirit.

I have often pledged with my dear companions, that we would be true virgin sisters, true to our friends and true to our own souls. I have always pictured our place among the white robed angels whose garments are spotless. I sometimes fancy myself in future life to be one of those lovely flowers of which Father James Whittaker spoke: "Those who are called by the gospel in childhood and are faithful and obedient, and keep out of sin shall be the flowers of Heaven and the glory of Paradise." What can we contemplate as being more beautiful? And can I doubt for a moment that I shall be the true christian and overcome the whole world? Nay, this is my purpose in life, and having won the battle I can "sing of the beauty and joy in the way." I truly enjoy a valuable association in life. I form a link in the golden chain, which unites our spirits in a sweet and sacred union which is indissoluble.

I wish to promise, dear sister, that I will date from to-day an increase in my spiritual growth and culture. My whole heart's affections shall be centred in the christian principles of my Shaker home where I have been preserved, and my youthful vows of consecration to God so often renewed.

My love ever,

Marion E. Montague.

[The writer of the above letter was soon after stricken down with a hemorrhage of the lungs, and died very suddenly. She was peculiarly gifted as a spiritual child, and we trust she finds the fulfillment of her every youthful aspiration.]

A distinguished Japanese traveler in this country writes home: "The chief branch of education of young men here is rowing. The people have large boat-houses called 'colleges,' and the principal of these are Yale and Harvard."—*Woman's Journal*.

SALT POINT PEACE CONVENTION.

F. W. EVANS.

This Convention was attended by a delegation of Eleven Brethren and Sisters of the North Family, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. on the 26th and 27th August, 1882.

Owing to rain, the meetings were not so largely attended as usual, but there was a goodly gathering and a liberal supply of speakers, of both sexes.

The following was presented by the Shaker Company.

PREAMBLE.

In as much as the Nine Millions of Soldiers, said to be now under arms in the various nations of Christendom, are, in ninety nine cases out of one hundred, landless men, having no home, no inheritance in the earth, no vine or fig-tree to sit under, and that all wars end with a "material guarantee," the victors taking possession of the land of the conquered nation.

Resolved. That our Representatives in the Empire State of N. Y. be requested to cause, if it be possible, the following Land Limitation Law to be passed.

Be it Enacted;—That from and after the year 1882, no citizen, or person shall inherit, buy, or become permanently possessed of more than one hundred and sixty acres of land.

Heirs of land monopolists, may take possession of lands falling to them; but shall, within one year thereafter, sell, or otherwise dispose of the same, down to the legal limits of 160 acres.

Were there no landless, homeless people, whence would come the material for Armies and Navies?

In the New Earth. 1st. Let Women become Citizens, that we may have a true Republic.

2nd. Let every Citizen have an inalienable Homestead.

3rd. Should Europe send soldiers to fight Americans, give each soldier one hundred and sixty acre lot of land. For, as a carpenter, or blacksmith works for wages, for a living, so is it with the landless soldiers, they fight for a living.

Give them the living, without the fighting, and they will cease to be Soldiers.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Society Record.

DEATHS.

Jerusha Smith, at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. August, 21. Age, 82 years, 5 mo. and 8 days.

She closed her earthly pilgrimage as she had lived, full of grace, honor, dignity, firmness and tranquillity. She arose in the morning as usual and while sitting at the table for breakfast was paralyzed and became helpless.

She was taken immediately to the infirmary, and at the close of three hours, passed quietly to the realm where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

C. G. Reed.

House-hold.

TOMATOES AS FOOD.

Tomatoes, remarks an authority, are not without some defects as an article of food.

They are not, like milk, a perfect diet of themselves, and besides, like most other articles of food, they contain some obnoxious qualities. But they need not be thrown aside on that account. Nature has provided us with such sufficient excretory organs that the obnoxious matter in our food, in moderate amount, is readily cast out, and the body is protected against any material injury. Were it not so we should be obliged to throw out of our dietary many kinds of food now eaten, not only with impunity, but with advantage. Thus, red cabbage, cherries and peaches contain prussic acid, which is a deadly poison when taken in sufficient quantity. The very small amount of the poisoning acid these vegetables contain is cast out of the system without any material injury to the person using them. A positive good may actually be derived from the use of food containing some such foreign matter, by way of giving increased activity and strength to the excretory organs from their exercise in casting such foreign matter from our bodies, provided the quantity is not so great as to overburden them. Since we are all the time liable to take in our food substances the tendency of which is harmful, a good develop-

ment of efficiency in our excretory organs is necessary to protect us against the pernicious effects which might otherwise occur.

Almost every kind of grain and fruit in use contain more or less things which in a larger amount would prove hurtful. Unless we closely study our food, we are taking them in when we little suspect it.

A Frenchman, not many years ago, discovered a substance in wheat bran which under the high heat used in baking, dissolved out and spread over the crumbs of bread, of which bran forms a part, and discolored it, and hence the brown stain peculiar to graham bread. But from this discovery such bread has not been rejected, but continues to be accounted among the most wholesome kinds of food. Rye is seldom used without containing more or less ergot; but rye bread is reckoned among the most healthful.

Tea contains tannic acid, apples contain malic acid, lemons and oranges citric acid, no one of which is used either in nutrition or respiration, but they only become objectionable when used excessively.—*Leeds Mercury*.

GOOD BREAD.

I notice articles upon Graham Bread in the Am. Agriculturist and other papers. Perhaps our experience at the North Family, Mt. Lebanon, may be of some interest and service to the public.

For many years we have used bread made from wheat of our own raising. We wash the wheat thoroughly, kiln-dry, grind it ourselves, coarsely, use it unbolted, and bake it in a soapstone oven. No leaven in it. It is good wheaten bread.

I doubt whether really good men and women, Christians, can be raised upon poor bread, made of adulterated materials and chemically corrupted by leaven. If a clean thing cannot be brought out of an unclean, then how can a good thing be made out of bad materials?

Have not a loaf to spare, (unless to feed the hungry,) a bushel of wheat, nor a barrel of flour to sell at any price.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Fruit may be preserved with honey by putting the fruit first in the can, then pouring honey over it, and seal air-tight; when the honey is poured from the fruit it will have the flavor and appearance of jelly, making a delicious dessert.

If a glass stopper won't move, hold the neck of the bottle to a flame, or warm it by taking two turns of a string and sawing it. The heat engendered expands the neck of the bottle before a corresponding expansion reaches the stopper.

An exchange says, to clean out a stovepipe, place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove. The vapor produced by the zinc will carry off the soot by chemical decomposition. Persons who have tried the process claim that it will work every time.

Red ants may be banished from a pantry or store-room by strewing the shelves with a small quantity of cloves, either whole or ground. We use the former, as not so likely to get into the food placed upon the shelves. The cloves should be renewed occasionally, as after a time they lose their strength and efficacy.

A coat of gum copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the sole water-proof, and it lasts three times longer.

If rats are about, scatter powdered glass about their holes, or powdered copperas, or fill up the crevices with hard soap, or smear their holes with soft tar, or dip a rat in a cup of tar and let it go, and it will tar-plaster every hole in the house.

Apples as food.—A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admir-

able effect upon the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute them for pies, cakes, and sweetmeats, with which their children are frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the total sum of doctor's bills in a single year sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.

A correspondent of New Remedies gives the following receipt for a paste for use in prescription books and labels: I dissolve half an ounce of alum in a pint of boiling water: to this I add an equal weight of flour, made smooth in a little cold water, and a few drops of oil of cloves, letting the whole come to a boil. This paste will keep months. I put it in glass, or ordinary ointment jars.

A SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR FRESH WOUNDS, SPRAINS AND BRUISES.

Procure a mild, coal fire. Sprinkle it with drops of any kind of animal oil, or grease, or tallow. Hold the effected part over the smoke, say thirty minutes, as hot as can be borne.

A good way is to use a large tin tunnel inverted, as it gathers the smoke into a small compass. Hold the wound directly over the tunnel.

Whoever will apply this to wounds, sprains, or bruises, two, three, or more times, say once in twelve hours, will find it invaluable to allay pain, to prevent soreness and taking cold, and the recovery will be rapid.

This remedy has been practiced in the United Society of Shakers for more than thirty years, with most astonishing success.

To drive a nail into hard wood, as chestnut or seasoned white oak, dip the nail in oil, and it will not fail to go.

To file glass.—Keep the file wet with spirits of turpentine or benzine.

To extract stains from silk.—Essence of lemon, one part; spirits of turpentine, five parts. Mix, and apply to the spot by means of a linen rag.

Farm and Garden.

WHAT AN ACRE OF LAND PRODUCED.

A farmer living in Maine makes a statement of what he has raised this year on an acre of land—almost enough, we should think, to support a family. He planted one-third of his acre in corn, and he usually produces thirty bushels of good corn. This quantity was sufficient for his family use, and for fattening two or three large hogs. From the same ground on which the corn stood, he raised two or three hundred pumpkins, and an ample supply of beans. From a bed of six rods square he usually obtains sixty bushels of onions; these he sold for one dollar per bushel, which amount purchased his flour for one year. Thus, from one-third of an acre and an onion bed he obtained his breadstuffs and two or three hundred pounds of pork. The remainder of the ground was appropriated to all kinds of vegetables, for both Summer and Winter use. He also had a flower garden, raspberries, currants, gooseberries in great abundance, and also a few choice apple, pear and quince trees.

Mr. George Connor, of Burlington, considers a ton of corn stalks worth more than a ton of hay for cows. He feeds to each milch cow one bushel of finely cut stalks, two quarts of bran and two quarts of corn meal mixed and wet with water, both morning and evening.

Professor Kedzie, of the Agricultural College of Michigan, an expert chemist, recently said that a paint or wash made of skim milk, thoroughly skimmed, and water brine, will render wood unflammable, and he proved it by experiment. He said this paint, or whitewash, is durable, very cheap, impervious to water, of agreeable color, and, as it will prevent wood from taking fire, urged its use, particularly on roofs, outbuildings, barns, etc.

A Mississippi Farmer dashes cold water into the ears of choking cattle. This causes the animal to shake its head violently, and the muscular action dislodges the obstruction. *Ex.*

Winged Guardians.—The swallow, swift and nighthawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects, that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers and creepers are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and fly-catchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, thrushes, crows and larks protect the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature; and it is an undoubted fact that, if the birds were all swept away from off the earth, man could not live upon it, vegetation would wither and die, and insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks.—*London Farmer.*

Bones for Poultry.—The various preparations of pure bones, selected and prepared, as crushed, granulated, bone meal, etc., for feeding to poultry, are becoming each year more popular, and deservedly so. The experience of nearly every one who has given them a faithful trial has been such as to make them constantly patrons of the most reliable venders, it being invariably found that by a judicious use of broken or ground new bone the fowls are healthier, more prolific, stand confinement better, and acquire less bad habits by confinement. Chickens fed on these preparations to the proper extent will grow to a much better size, the use of the bone having the effect to postpone the time when the bones harden or, in common phrase, set. Chicks are, therefore, such for a greater period, and may be kept growing for a longer time by the use of bone preparation.—*New York Poultry Journal.*

The Pear.—It is a fact well worthy of note that no matter how poor may be the season for some one fruit or another, in Pennsylvania at least if not other States, the pear-tree always has fruit. There are of course some years when there are more than others, but it is the rarest of all events in this part of the world for a pear-tree, after it gets to a fair mature bearing age, not to have on all the pears it is fit for it to bear. The cherry may shrivel, blacken and fall, and even the apple may be full of promise and yet yield us next to nothing; but the pear seems to be always on

hand. It is true that as a matter for commercial growers of fruit, the apple will always be king, as we have so often contended. They can be barreled, sliced and dried, cidered, and saved and turned to use in so many easy ways, that nothing can compete with it in general usefulness; but as an article of luxury there is nothing to beat a good pear. As a commercial fruit we do not know that much has ever been made of it. Here and there are large pear orchards returning fair profitable results; but these are but small numbers in comparison with profitable apple orchards; and we have an idea that this will always be. There is no one who has a piece of ground but ought to have a pear-tree or two, and more than this if he has room. The great family tree should always be the pear-tree. It will live for a couple of hundred years. What fruit-tree will last so long?

Tribune & Farmer.

AN ART AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

Under the auspices of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, for the benefit of the Garfield Monument Fund.

The Board of Direction, composed of some of the most prominent names in public life, including members of the Supreme Court, Senators, Members of Congress, Army and Navy officers of high rank, and the first citizens of Washington, send the following to the press:

A National Bazaar, Art, and Industrial exposition will be held in the rotunda and adjacent halls, of the National Capitol, at Washington, D. C., November 25th to December 3d, (inclusive), 1882, as authorized by joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, August 7, 1882. The object of this undertaking is to raise funds with which to erect a statue in this city to the memory of General James A. Garfield, late President of the United States, which work is in the hands of a committee of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, who have already collected for this purpose some twenty thousand dollars and expect, with the results of the exposition, to have a sufficient sum with which to erect a work befitting the great name it is proposed to commemorate.

The art exhibition will be under the direction of the leading artists resident in Washington. It is hoped that artists throughout the entire country, professional and amateurs will aid the work by contributing some one work—as a gift to the fund—to be sold for its benefit, and be willing to exhibit others, under such rules and regulations as may be determined by the Board of Direction. All persons desiring to contribute in any way to this great work are cordially invited to do so, and to proceed in such manner as their judgment may dictate.

Contributions from the ladies in the way of needle and fancy work are especially invited and anticipated as one of the more prominent features of the exposition.

To manufacturers this exhibition offers opportunities second only to the Centennial Exposition. Occurring on the eve of the assembling of Congress, and at the season of the year when all the foreign representatives are at their legations, every exhibit will have the attention, not only of our own representatives but of the representatives of all the civilized nations, as well as the representatives of the Press, who will gladly make full mention of all worthy exhibits: this, with the fact that each donation or exhibit contributes so much to a work that must commend itself to every patriotic citizen. All exhibits will bear the name of artist, manufacturer, etc., and will remain in place until the close of the exposition. Arrangements for transportation of exhibits are being made, and details will be given on application to the Board of Direction. Rooms 90 to 96, Ebbitt House, Washington, D. C.

Liberal minds are open to conviction. Liberal doctrines are capable of improvement. There are proselytes from atheism, but none from superstition. I have known folks who have never committed a blunder whose hearts are as dry as dust; and others, who have constantly transgressed, whose sympathies were as warm and as quick as those of an angel.—*Celia Burleigh.*

"Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains."

Books and Papers.

EVERY WHIT PRETTY. The Fly Catcher, The little Birds, The Monarch of the Glen, and The Children at Play. Four very pretty plaques, issued by Messrs. C. I. Hood and Co., of Lowell, Mass. and presented to those who purchase the articles that are published on the reversed side of the cards. If the medicines are as pleasant to take as are these ornamental designs, our friends may not be in want of customers. By all means secure one of the neat little plaques which may of itself, no doubt, cure a multitude of ills.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Sept. Pub. by FOWLER and WELLS, 753 Broadway, N. Y. Contents. Rudolph Virchow, the Eminent Physiologist, with Portrait, Fishing for men, Education the true Principle for Reform, The true wife and the Usurper, Guiteau's brain, Woman in flood and fire, A remarkable Geyser, Illustrated, Are house plants unhealthful? Kitchen leaflet, Notes in Science and Agriculture, Poetry, Editorial Items, etc., etc. Terms \$2.00 per year.

THE NEW LIGHT OF ASIA.

"THE ILIAD OF INDIA" some call it, and others liken it to Milton's "PARADISE LOST." Whatever terms may be used to describe it, Edwin Arnold's remarkable poem, "THE LIGHT OF ASIA," has certainly won a place among the classics in literature, and the best edition of it will be wanted in every home library. Related to the religion of India it is not unlike Milton's immortal poem as related to the Christian religion. The new edition just issued by the Useful Knowledge Publishing Company, New York, is perhaps the most beautiful, typographically, which has ever appeared, and is of course far lower in price than any other edition published, which will compare with it, being only 20 cts. for Utility binding, 30 cts. for the cloth, and 40 cts. for the half Russia, or for the extra cloth gilt edges. This edition is especially valuable, and for that reason will displace every other, and cause those who are already supplied with other editions to put them aside and take this because of the sketches of the lives of Edwin Arnold, the author, and of Buddha, the subject, and the numerous illustrative notes explaining the many references to persons, places, customs, etc., which are necessarily enigmatical to any one not deeply versed in the history, religion, and literature of India. These valuable additions are from the pen of Mrs. I. L. Huser, a most competent writer, who was for many years a resident of India, and is known as the author of "The Orient and its People."

Enterprising booksellers will supply this edition, and canvassers and club agents are wanted everywhere, to whom very unusual terms and facilities are offered by the publishers.

HERALD OF HEALTH. September. Pub. by M. L. HOLBROOK M. D. 13 and 15 Laight St., N. Y. Contents, Malaria and Malarial Diseases, The

climate of California, Canned Fruit, Health a Duty, The Alanthus Tree, Marriage and Parentage, Sprains treated by Massage, Iced Water, Too careful about Health, Wears Women, Breakfasts, etc., etc. Terms, \$1.00 a year.

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Select.

The first Watch.—At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward vi. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt,

with two plummets of lead." The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvements, the substitution of springs for weights, was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass, the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than \$1,500, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

TRY

THIS

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Learn to say no. If a man makes a request of you which you cannot grant, tell him so at once. Don't deceive him. It may make him feel unpleasant toward you for the moment only. If you deceive him, he will hate you all his life, if he does not despise you.

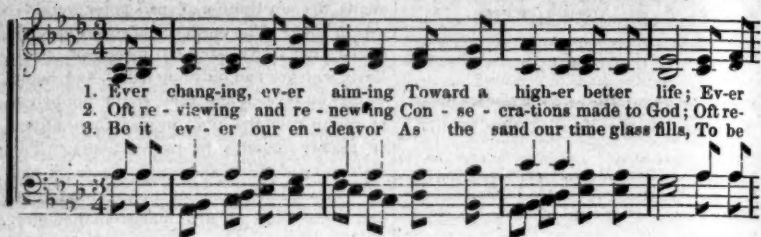
Slander.—Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend, nor man deplore so foul a foe. It stabs with a word, with a nod, with a shrug, with a look, with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin. It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable. It is as mortal as the sting of the deadly arrow; murder is its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

It was prettily devised of Æsop, the fly sat upon the axle tree of the chariot wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!" So are there some vain persons that, whatsoever goeth it alone or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it.—Æsop.

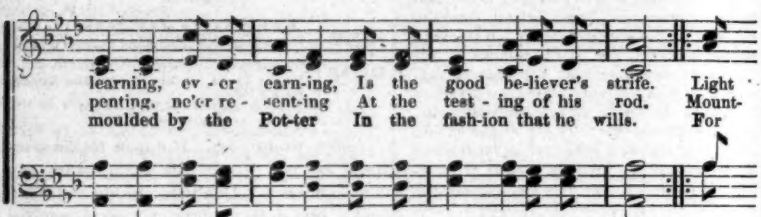
Judge not that ye be not judged.

ENDLESS GROWTH.

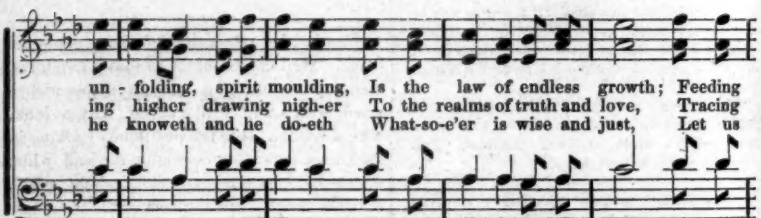
CANTERBURY, N. H.



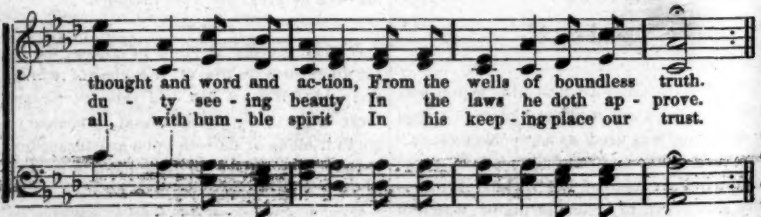
1. Ever chang-ing, ev-er aim-ing Toward a high-er better life; Ev-er
 2. Oft re - view-ing and re - new-ing Con - se - cra-tions made to God; Oft re-
 3. Be it ev - er our en - deavor As the sand our time glass fills, To be



learn-ing, ev - er earn-ing, Is the good be-liever's strife. Light
 pent-ing, ne'er re - sent-ing At the test - ing of his rod. Mount-
 moulded by the Pot-ter In the fash-ion that he wills. For



un - folding, spirit moulding, Is the law of endless growth; Feeding
 ing higher drawing nigh-er To the realms of truth and love, Tracing
 he knoweth and he do-eth What-so-e'er is wise and just, Let us



thought and word and ac-tion, From the wells of boundless truth.
 du - ty see - ing beauty In the laws he doth ap - prove.
 all, with hum - ble spirit In his keep - ing place our trust.